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NOTUS-NOTARIUS.

Ja. Gilchrist Smith in Edr.

In FOUR CANTO's.

——— *deficit alter.*

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BRITISH MUSEUM

NOTUS-NOTARIUS.

CANTO I.

The ARGUMENT.

In Canto first is sung the cause,
A ploughman urg'd to plod in laws;
And what good qualities and breeding
He was possest of for succeeding:
With how he did outwit a miser,
To wit, the trav'ling merchandiser,
Whom he devis'd a plan for chousing,
And foil'd by drinking and carousing.

TRANSMIT, O Muse! in lasting lays,
His memory to future days,
Who, when with unsuccessful toil
He furrow'd o'er his natal soil,
When unremitted labour fail'd
Ev'n rural aliment to yield:
When honest lab'rers, and their spouses,
Forbad him to come near their houses;
And a' the neighbours round about him,
For sev'ral things began to doubt him:
Abandon'd his primæval home,
Resolv'd through other climes to roam;
Climes, than his native less suspicious,
Where fortune might prove more propitious.

His journey hither, and arrival,
In proper phrase we could describe all;

His dreſs and beſt habiliments,
In which there were a thouſand rents;
And how he made a puſh to gain
A lacquey's office, though in vain;
With other ſtories of leſs grandeur,
(Perhaps the offspring of vile ſlander)
But ſuch deſcriptions we paſs over,
For reaſons needleſs to diſcover,
And haſten to his grand adventures,
When he had enter'd int' indentures,
With ſcriv'ner WILL, whoſe lady had
An equal int'reſt in the lad;
For he engag'd to copy hornings,
Or empty p—pots in the mornings,
Alternately to manage cauſes,
And clean the rooms, and duſt the baſſes;
Or light his maſter with the lanthorn,
When through the tippling houſes ſaunt'ring,
Which he frequented with a view
To be abus'd, and then purſue;
For damage, injuries and loſſes,
He gladly bore to found a proceſs.

But ere we further do advance,
We think it not amiſs to glance
At ſeveral properties and gifts
He had to help him at dead lifts.
'Tis true his learning was ſo ſmall,
We need not touch upon't at all;
'Twas ſcarce enough to make him paſs
For what he did pretend he was:
But nature largely had endow'd
Him with ſome qualities as good,

And for his purpoſe much more fitting,
Of undermining and outwitting;
In which we do acknowledge fully,
Our hero was *ſecundus nulli*.

The firſt o's qualities we mention,
And what he excell'd in, was *Invention*;
He could coin ſtories when in hazard,
To gull the moſt egregious wizard;
This uſeful talent of deviſing,
He had ſ'improven by practiſing,
'Twas eaſier for him to tell lyes,
And falſehoods dreſs up in diſguiſe,
Than for ſome wary folk to ſay
Plain honeſt truths the downright way.

Another thing he excell'd in, namely,
The *making promiſes* ſolemnly,
Which, tho' he always ſeal'd with vows,
He as much car'd for as a louſe;
For as of ſome it has been ſpoke,
Their vow or word they never broke,
So of our blade it might be ſaid,
He never kept one that he made:
This cuſtom was ſo very common
With our adventurer, that no man
Who knew his way, would take his word
For ſcarce the value of a t——d:
And when he did the moſt proteſt,
Wiſe people did him credit leaſt.

Humility that precious treaſure,
He was poſſeſs'd of in large meaſure,

There never was a deed ſo low
To which he could not ſtoop and bow;
He'd carry to his maſter's lodging,
Greens, beef or mutton, without grudging;
And thought ſo little ſhame o' the office,
He bore them in his hand like trophies.
Beſides, 'tis known, he oft made ready
A meal for's maſter and his lady,
And could compoſe, almoſt from nothing,
A diſh to ſerve them to their loathing;
A faculty of ſpecial uſe,
In *Sparing William*'s ſcanty houſe.

He had a *hurl* of *words*, but ſenſe,
Which ſome miſtook for eloquence;
And which to make the better paſs,
He utter'd ſtill with emphaſis:
Nor did he want for puns and jokes,
To vend amongſt unlearned folks,
With Latin phraſes learn'd by rote,
And ſly *conundrums*, and what not;
Theſe he practis'd by way of gin,
To catch devoted wretches in;
Who when they heard him talk ſo fluent,
Contended who ſhould be his client;
Thinking no judge would ever ſtick
To liſten to ſuch rhetoric:
Though, 'tis well known, his *viſage* was
Enough to loſe the juſteſt cauſe.

To help him foreward in whatever
He might encounter or endeavour,

Dame Nature had on him beſtow'd
Of *impudence* a matchleſs load;
This ſtern ingredient ſhe had pour'd
In ſuch profuſion on our cow-herd,
She had not left behind ſo much
As furniſh out another ſuch.

Ingratitude, ſo much in faſhion,
Was truly *G*——'s ruling paſſion.
You'd thought he did ſolicite favour,
Juſt to expoſe his bad behaviour.
The more he ow'd to any's goodneſs,
The more he treated thoſe with rudeneſs;
And if one was the fool to let
Him any how run in his debt,
He then might certainly rely
Upon't, he was his enemy;
And to get out o's clutches clearly,
With loſs of what he ow'd him merely,
Without much trouble, and a plea,
He might conclude himſelf well free.

He was as *cruel* every whit
As *Saracen* or *Muſcovite*;
Compaſſion for another's ſmart
Ne'er found an entrance in his heart:
Mens woe he thought ſo little of it,
He made it ſtill turn to his profit;
For ever of his int'reſt mindful,
Their diſtreſs was a lucky windfall:
He therefore did frequent theſe places
Where men are found in deſp'rate caſes;

And, under maſk of fellow-feeling,
Wou'd ſtrip them of their utmoſt ſhilling.

And laſtly, leaſt he ſhould debate,
Or in bad actions heſitate:
Leaſt in the middle of a trick
He ſhould draw back, demur, or ſtick,
Where *conſcience* ſhould have had a place,
Was nothing but an empty ſpace:
For want of this director ſage,
He could in any thing engage;
And in the moſt prepoſterous act
Ne'er felt a ſcruple, qualm or check.

Thus having but ſuccinctly view'd
How our advent'rer was endow'd,
We longer won't detain the reader,
But to his ſtratagems proceed here;
And muſt ſuggeſt ere we begin them,
If little entertainment's in them,
They're true, and noways fabulous,
And can be atteſted by the muſe;
Whoſe aid we humbly ſupplicate,
His firſt adventure to relate.

There was a chapman, who with care,
In vending ſundry ſorts of ware;
By ſelling ſciſſars and penknives,
And trucking lace with farmers wives;
By bart'ring ribbands, lawns and garters,
For curling treſſes with their daughters,
Had meikle riches ſcrap'd together,

Twice thirty years upon his back
He had ſuſtain'd a weighty pack;
But age, to ſave him from more trudging,
Had faſt confin'd him to his lodging;
Where, tho' he had much money hoarded,
He upon ſlender viands boarded;
And ſcarcely took, he was ſo gripping,
What kept his ſpirit from eſcaping.

Him ſounding fame, which all things hears,
Soon wafted to our heroe's ears;
Who ſpeedily laid down a plan
To cheat the merchandizing man:
Yet, at the firſt, was at a nonplus
How he his purpoſe ſhould accompliſh;
He knew the pedlar in deceiving
Was as well ſkill'd as any living;
And therefore, to attach his gains,
He was convinc'd would coſt him pains:
But after twiſting of his wits,
Like men immers'd in deep exploits,
He thought this ſtratagem the beſt,
To put his talents to the teſt.

He from ſome ragamuffin purchaſt
A ſtring of garters, and a ware cheſt;
And placing them in proper order,
To wit, the pack upon his ſhoulder,
And hanging on his arm the garters,
He dropt into the pedlar's quarters,
Juſt when he did prepare for ſlumber,
And ſelf-repoſe upon old lumber:

Him he found ſitting all alone,
With hood and tatter'd night-gown on,
No creature harbour'd in his houſe,
Except himſelf and crony puſs;
Who ſate beſide him at a fire
That ſcarcely made the ſmoke aſpire;
And ſeem'd a ſad concomitant,
In miſery he underwent:
To ſave the produce of his traffick,
Which *G*—— ſhortly meant to affect.

Soon as the man of commerce ſpy'd
Our ſly advent'rer by his ſide;
Suſpiciouſly he aſk'd, From whence?
What brings you to my reſidence?
For, from your looks I do preſage
Some ſad diſaſter to my age;
And ſince within theſe peaceful manſions
I came to live, no apprehenſions
My troubled boſom ever knew,
Like theſe I feel at ſight of you.

Says *G*——, Sir, a while ſuſpend
Such raſk concluſions by your friend,
Nor ſuffer thoughts ſo unbenign
Of me to lodge within your mind:
Draw no predictions or portents
From my portrait, or lineaments:
The proverb has it, That the face
Is but a falſe deluſive glaſs:
And howſoe'er you may divine
You'll find it verifi'd in mine.

No bad intention brought me here,
Nor have you any thing to fear
From one, who, if 'tis no tranſgreſſion,
Begs to b' inſtucted in's profeſſion,
By you, whom much fatigue and travel
Hath taught trades myſt'ries to unravel:
'Twas for this end, experienc'd father,
I left my road and wander'd hither;
But if my coming has offended,
I vow 'tis more than I intended;
For which I humbly beg excuſe,
And ſpeedily will leave your houſe.

That, ſays the trader, will atone
For any little harm you've done;
And, if this little wiſh'd-for viſit
Was made in purpoſe to ſolicite
Me to diſcloſe the ſkill in commerce
I gain'd in ſixty tedious Summers,
For ought you'll learn, 'twould appear,
You might have ſav'd your journey here.
'Twould take more time than I can ſpare,
To ſhow how merchants vend their ware;
Or calculate what gains ariſe
On diff'rent ſorts of merchandize;
Explain what profit's to be made
In trucking knife with razor blade;
Or to demonſtrate what's the winning
In bart'ring broad-coath with green linen:
Theſe nice diſtinctions would prolong
Your preſence here, which I think wrong;
Therefore be haſty and convey
Yourſelf and trumpery away;

With this one precept, as the ſum
To which our whole inſtructions come;
Go, learn to *obeat*, for of our art
This is the moſt eſſential part.

Says *G*——, If in cheating lies
The myſtery of merchandize,
As you but recently did hint,
There's little difficulty in't;
And little trouble I need forfeit,
To make me in your calling perfect;
My talents this way are well known
Elſe, to ſome people in the town;
Who on their charges and expences,
Have felt the quickneſs o' my ſenſes:
Mean time, from the ſmall obſervation
I have made on our occupation,
I do opine your notion's right,
That merchants muſt ſubſiſt by ſlight;
Or, 'twould be difficult to ſhow
From whence a livelihood can flow,
Sufficient to ſuſtain the race
Of traders, that, about this place,
Swarm thicker than it is recorded
In *Egypt*, lice in days of yore did;
Howe'er this be, I'll keep in view
Your gen'ral precept, and purſue
It reſolutely, from this moment,
Let whatſoever will become on't.

To this, our ancient man o' trade
No anſwer ſignify'd or made;

For *G*———, by the above-ſaid language,
Had thrown him into deſp'rate anguiſh;
He trembled ev'ry nerve and bone,
To think that in his houſe was one
Who publickly declared his ſkill
To cheat, was equal to his will:
Of which he had ſo little doubt,
He would have given to get him out
Without his threſhold, free and clear,
More than we need to mention here.
But *G*——— came not with intention,
So to forſake the pedlar's manſion,
And thought it now time for diſpatching
The project that he had been hatching;
Videlicet, on kind pretence,
T' intoxicate the merchant's ſenſe,
And then to make a ſudden ſeizure
Of his aforeſaid goods and treaſure:
So haſtily the talk reſuming,
Says he, I do perceive my coming
Gives you much trouble and offence,
Therefore I'll inſtantly go hence;
Yet as a mead for my intruſion,
And putting you in ſuch confuſion,
Accept a dram; and then adieu
Both to your dwelling, and to you.

This motion met with no rebuff,
For *Truck* lov'd liquor well enough,
And could drink heartily and large
Provided 'twere not on his charge;

Nay, if upon his neighbour's purſe,
He'd drink to make himſelf the worſe;
Suppoſing what he could retain
Of liquor this way, was clear gain:
This was, we candidly will own,
The merchant's weak ſide, and well known
To *G*—— ere he laid the plan
Him to entangle and trepan:
Therefore he wiſely had prepar'd
And brought along a ſmall grey-beard
Of that all-healing cordial, *Gin*,
Th' aforeſaid box or cheſt within:
A box of direr conſequence
To our old trader, than, long ſince,
Pandora's was to all mankind,
When its contents, caught by the wind,
Contagious through creation ſpread,
When *What-d'ye-callum* op'd the lid:
For *G*—— from its boſom drew
The ſable can of ancient ſhew,
And, pouring out a bumper, vow'd
It ſalutary was and good;
Gave it the Pedlar, and declar'd
It truly was a ſmall reward
For trouble and incommodation
He had ſuſtain'd on that occaſion.
It would be tireſome to repeat
The guileful language, the deceit,
The jokes, the ſtories, and the lies,
He muſter'd up, and did deviſe,
To catch the chapman in his toils,
And pave the way for houſhold ſpoils.

We think it may ſuffice to tell,
Our Worthy did ſucceed too well;
For ſoon the ſpirits 'gan to ſeize on
The merchant's intellects and reaſon:
He now, with laughter, number'd o'er
A hundred diff'rent tricks and more,
He'd put on people long agone,
Which *G*——little thought upon:
But the giddineſs o's brain perceiving,
And to increaſe the chapman's raving;
The other bumper always fill'd out,
Which the too thoughtleſs old man ſwill'd out.
At length he yielded to the power
Of ſleep and gin, in evil hour;
And *G*—— graſp'd the lucky minute,
To ſearch his houſe for what was in it:
Where he found ſilver, gold and rings,
Knives, ſciſſars, lace, and other things;
Silks, muſlins, cambricks, and ſuch ſtuff,
All which he ſeiz'd on, and bore off.

CANTO II.

The ARGUMENT.

In this a hapleſs wretch exil'd
Is by our man of art beguil'd;
Who to his empty ſpeeches truſting,
And terms of law, and other fuſtian,
Thinks to elude his righteous ſentence,
But teſtifies a late repentance.

IN th' annals o' our hero's deeds,
The tale of Northern Q——h ſucceeds,
Who had unwarrily ſet down
Another name inſtead o's own,
And therefore lay in priſon pent,
Doom'd to perpetual baniſhment;
Nor could his titles or eſtate
Redeem him from approaching fate.

'Lur'd by the ſcent of woe and gain,
Our hero did prepair amain,
To viſit him before tranſported,
To try if ought might be extorted;
And getting proper information
O' the reaſon of his tranſportation,
He for the expedition borrow'd
A wig of monſtrous ſize, 'tis ſtori'd,
A ſurtout-coat of jetty hew,
Not altogether heal or new;
It had been long a ſally's ſlave,
To pilot dead men to the grave;

And was, through drudging, worn threed-bare,
Or, as we say, the worse o' wear;
But then, its blemishes to hide,
He got a gown both large and wide,
Like these they plead in at the bar,
When carrying on a wordy war.

Thus fitted out like lawyer shrewd,
With careful eye himself he view'd,
To see if every thing was right,
And tatter'd shreds conceal'd from sight;
Then march'd directly to the prison,
Which Q——b the sentenced person was in,
Whom, mutual compliments first past,
He thus with brasen front address'd:

I am a lawyer, Sir, of fame,
Nor new to you, perhaps, my name
'Tis G——, much renown'd in pleas,
For wresting judgments and decrees;
Who, hearing of your rigid doom,
As a comforter I am come,
And hopes, with honour, to release
You soon from this unpleasant place,
Whose miseries, as well as you,
I have experienc'd ere now.

Your kindness, Sir, I kindly take,
And with my hearty thanks pays back;
But for to think now to regain
My liberty, says Q——b, were vain,

My ſentence is pronounc'd by folks
Who paſs not ſentences for jokes;
Their judgments are as firm and ſtrong
As *Minos*'s, renown'd in ſong;
No rhetoric can e'er perſuade
Me, that I'm able to evade
Their juſt decree, already paſt,
Whoſe fulfilment approacheth faſt;
Eight days expir'd, I muſt prepare
To be convey'd, the Lord knows where;
To nations diſtant, and unknown,
In ev'ry thing unlike my own;
Far from my children, and my wife,
To drag a plough perhaps for life.

Says *G*——, Tuſh! Sir, if you pleaſe,
Diſmiſs ſuch needleſs fears as theſe;
Yo'r impriſonment, you need not doubt,
Shall to your profit yet turn out;
Your caſe, howe'er you may eſteem it,
Is not ſo deſp'rate as you deem it;
And, granting that it was much worſe,
I've talents of ſufficient force,
To make you eaſily eſcape
From this, or any other ſcrape,
You might, through want of thinking fall in;
So much I'm verſant in my calling;
Were not time precious, and would fail,
I'd favour you with a detail
Of many one condemn'd for crimes,
I have reſcu'd at diff'rent times,
Whom men of law profound, and ev'ry

None ever left his native land,
Whoſe cauſe I once but took in hand;
Nor did the gallows ever groan
With any, who rely'd upon
My wholſome counſel and advice,
Which now I offer without price:
Nathleſs I would have lik'd it better
Your crime and ſentence had been greater,
That you more thoroughly might know
How far m' abilities can go,
And 't might more glaringly be ſhown
How much thy welfare is my own.

Says Q——*b*, If all you've ſaid be true,
I may intruſt my cauſe to you;
But ſmall, however, is my hope,
Nor will I give it further ſcope,
Until I hear how you propoſe
To free me from approaching woes.

For that, returns our man o' guile,
It truly is not worth your while
About the plan to make enquiry,
How you're to eſcape this *premunire*;
A thouſand methods might be thought of
How you, Sir, may be clearly brought off;
I could procure your liberation
By a bill on juratory caution;
Or get ſome friend of yours to baill ye,
Then leave them in the lurch for failzie;
Yet both theſe methods I reject,
And will more handſomely effect

Your liberation, by a ſcheme of
My framing, that you little dream of;
We will averr, and hold for fact,
That when you did commit the act
For which you're under ſentence here,
You was *Non-compos-mentis* clear.

That may, perhaps, do very well,
Rejoins th' exil'd, but prithee tell
Me what the meaning o' the phraſe is,
Which you intend to make the baſis
O' my future profit, and releaſe;
Explain me this, Sir, if you pleaſe.

Quoth he, Civilians hold him ſuch,
Who has not in his ſkull ſo much
Brains, as to number up *gradatim*,
The *digitos* that he has at him;
That is his fingers and his toes,
Tho' you know I are none of thoſe;
Nor can the term, I will allow,
In this ſenſe be apply'd to you;
But then I do think in my mind,
The definition's too confin'd,
And might admit of a more ample
Interpretation; for example,
What but *non-compos-mentis* are
Thoſe who devote their lives to war,
And boaſt in harſh and ſurly tones,
Of conquering hoſts and myrmidons;
Who, far from ſoes, and fields of death,
In peace their native air might breath:

What are they but *non-compos-mentis*,
That truſting *mare et in ventis*,
Upon a piece of timber float
To nations diſtant and remote,
In conſtant peril o' their lives,
Amaſſing fortunes for their wives;
Who here, like vile ungrateful b——s,
Profuſely ſpend their huſband's riches,
Upon ſome neceſſary gallant,
They pamper for a certain talent.
Are they not ſo, who think with wealth
To purchaſe from phyſician's, health,
And pay apothecar's for dozes
To ſend them to their long repoſes?
Are they not ſo, who can attend
An o'er-grown preacher to the end;
Deſcanting upon ſober meals,
In which he very little deals?
And, if he chus'd his doctrine ſhou'd
Prove efficacious to the croud,
B' example would enforce his *noſtrum*,
And mount wi' thinner ſides the *roſtrum*.
What is he elſe, who waſtes his time,
In coupling words, and making rhyme;
And topſy-turvy turning's brains,
To pleaſe each numſcull wi' his ſtrains?
I hold him ſuch, who plights his troth
To womankind, by vow or oath;
Who this propenſity inherent
Have, To hear men make love, and ſwear on't:
To whom, a footman, if he has
A brawny back, and am'rous face;

Without ev'n alphabetic lore,
Is mate complete, and paramour,
And *laſtly*, Sir, I do affirm,
They're comprehended in the term,
Who, for the ſake of fee or bribe,
Will any other's name ſubſcribe;
Which, if my information's true,
Preciſely is the caſe with you.

Altho' I hardly underſtand
Your terms of art, and ſecond hand,
Says Q——*h*; yet I diſcover what
You would by it inſinuate:
The meaning of it's plain and eaſy,
You would infer that I am crazy;
And to ſpeak fairly, when I better
Canvaſs my conduct in this matter,
In truth, I muſt confeſs and own,
You want not ground to go upon.
But tho' this propoſition's granted
To you, a proof on't will be wanted;
Which maugre all my errors yet,
I fancy will be hard to get.

That, ſays our *Worthy*, Sir, d' ye ſee,
I beg you will refer to me;
I have, of my acquaintance ſome,
Who'll anſwer to a hair, but mum:
I know them who for but a trifle
The checks o' their conſciences can ſtifle;
And will as ſoon ſwear to a lye,
As you to ſtricteſt verity;

Men who will pary and evade,
All ſorts of queries can be made.
To prove that you are out o' your ſenſes;
We will not want for evidences;
I'll find them out, who will depoſe
They've ſeen you without ſhoes or hoſe
At church on Sunday's hearing ſermon,
Or feaſting upon duſt and vermin;
Or any other thing that tends
Toward the gaining o' our ends,
I can get proven clear as ſun-ſhine.
Cries Q——*h*, *Let's have a bowl of punch in.*
Stay, quoth our hero, not ſo faſt,
They ſtumble that make too much haſte;
As the man i' the play ſays.—There is one
Thing yet I am going to propone:
You muſt, Sir, if you will ſucceed
In this affair, grant me a deed,
Diſponing from you, and your heirs,
Whatever right is your's or theirs,
In all and hail, your land, eſtate,
Nor muſt you herein heſitate;
This ſtep is truly neceſſary,
Our cunning project through to carry;
For ſhould your near relations come
To know how you've eſcap'd your doom;
And that your brains are out o' tune,
They'll twin you o' your lairdſhip ſoon;
With me your council, and your friend,
It will be ſafe, you may depend;
And when you have got clear away,
I can, you know, Sir, *re-convey*.

With ſorrow, the reluctant muſe,
The ſequel o' the tale purſues.
Q——*h* aſk'd at firſt to be excus'd,
And to transfer his means refus'd:
But *G*—— 'gan to repreſent
The horrors o' his baniſhment;
And in deep colours ſet before him,
What foreign dangers might devour him:
At laſt he yielded to make over
His whole eſtate in *G*——'s favour;
In expectation o' his freedom,
And theſe again when he ſhould need them:
The deed ſubſcrib'd, our hero took it,
And put it cloſs up in his pocket;
Then, with much complaiſance and vowing,
He'd viſit him the day enſuing;
He took his leave, but never more
Was ſeen within the priſon door;
'Till after into't he was thrown,
For miſdemeanours of his own.
Mean time the ſentence was made good
On C——*h*, who, when he underſtood
How far he was o'er-reach'd and cheated,
His curs'd ſimplicity regreted;
And loudly thunder'd forth his woe,
In lamentation as below.

Ah! what a fool was I, alas!
To truſt a man with ſuch a face:
Did not his damn'd deceitful viſage
Prognoſticate my future uſage;

Why on the word of ſuch a miſcreant
Did I rely, or ought e'er riſk on't?
Was't not enough I ſhould be ſent,
Ye gods! to laſting baniſhment;
But, to my griefs as an addition,
Ye ſent that vile ſon o' perdition,
Who under vail of ſympathizing,
Wi' gibberiſh o' the devil's deviſing;
Hath left me nothing in this life,
Small conſolation, but my wife.

CANTO III.

The ARGUMENT.

In Canto next, you'll ſee a race,
Where G—— *runs from bailiff's chace,*
In dreadful terror o' the jaylor,
And in his ſpeed o'erſets a taylor;
But gains the ſummit of a lodging,
And is reliev'd by Pill *the ſurgeon.*

YET, proſp'rous we have ſung our blade
In whatſoe'er his ſkill eſſay'd:
Now change our notes, the guſts of fate
Begin to burſt upon his pate;
For *Heeltop*, who our doughty champion,
Had long ſupply'd with ſhoes to tramp on;
And often had demanded payment;
From *G*——, of his leather raiment,
But never could obtain a farthing,
Had now ta'en out an act of warding;
And wi' a party-colour'd throng,
He for aſſiſtance brought along,
Was ſcrutinizing up and down
Through every corner o' the town,
To catch his dilatory cuſtomer,
Whom he determin'd now to truſt no more.

Juſt where the royal ſtatue ſtands,
Stood *Heeltop* with his hungry bands,
In conſultation 'bout the rout
'Twas beſt to take to find him out;

In a bad time came *G*—— thither,
Nor ſaw the trimmer o' calf leather,
Who, out among his ſquadrons glancing,
Eſpy'd our *Man o' Guile* advancing;
And putting theſe upon their guard,
He with velocity prepar'd
T' attach the perſon of his debtor;
But, ere he did it, thought it better
To make a trial, if perſuaſion
Might be of uſe on this occaſion;
And ſee, by milder means, to draw
His money from the *Man of Law*;
Therefore when *G*—— did advance,
He encounter'd him, as if by chance;
And after formal ſalutation,
And courteous interrogation,
About his health, as is the cuſtom,
Declar'd he could no longer truſt him;
Expatiate on the price of leather,
And his too long outly together;
Concluding with an exhortation,
No more to exerciſe evaſion,
And ſave the Sutor further calling
For ſuch a trifle at his dwelling.

Quoth *G*——, troth, 'tis very true,
Your money has been too long due;
Yet muſt, altho' a trifling debt,
I'm much afraid, be longer yet;
For, as 'tis difficult to take
A garment off an *Indian*'s back;
So, to extract it is as hard,
Caſh from a ſcriv'ner, or a bard;

By this, I dare ſay, you perceive,
I have not what you aſk to give;
But when I have, you may depend
On ſatisfaction for your bend;
With ſome conſideration more,
Becauſe it has lain ſo long o'er;
So ſaying, to baniſh ev'ry doubt,
He turn'd his pockets inſide out,
In which was nothing worth the mention,
But bills new-ſiſted of ſuſpenſion,
Notes promiſary many one,
Whoſe granters deſperate were, or gone;
A caption, and a book of plays,
An inkhorn, and for quills a caſe.

Sir, ſays the Sutor, you've made uſe
So frequently of that excuſe,
That now I can diſcern the drift
On't, is allenarly to ſhift
Me o' the payment of my money,
For which I did ſo often dun ye.
Is't poſſible your circumſtances
Are ſuch, when you the whole finances,
By means ſiniſter and unfair,
Got of the dealer in hard ware?
Say, if you are ſo wond'rous bare,
As now you do pretend you are:
What came o' the eſtate, 'tis ſung,
You from the exil'd perſon wrung?——

Here *G*—— ſtop'd the Sutor ſhort;
Says he, Theſe ſtories to my hurt
Have been contriv'd; I now perceive,
Good Mr *Heeltop*, by your leave,

It is an adage far from lame,
Ne ſutor ultra crepidam.
And if you had ſtuck to that rule,
You might have 'ſcap'd the name of fool:
For know, by what you've raſhly ſaid,
Your claim on me is fully paid.
Theſe vile aſperſions, it is plain,
Muſt be the product of thy brain;
And I, anon Sir, will demand
Full reparation at thy hand.

At this the Sutor ſcarce ſuppreſt
The riſing choler in his breaſt,
And judging it imprudent longer
To hold up diſcourſe wi' his wronger,
He gave a ſignal to the crew,
Who ſtood aſſembl'd in his view;
They ready at their leader's nod,
To *G*——ward began to plod;
But he, to their intent no ſtranger,
At once deſcry'd them, and his danger,
And, to avoid the riſing blaſt,
Forſook his creditor in haſte;
Who, when he ſaw our hero fly,
Forthwith gave out the hue and cry,
To his auxiliars to run after,
And catch, if poſſible, his debtor:
And now he runs with ſwifter pace,
Now bailiffs ſwifter urge the chace;
His ſpeed's augmented by his fears,
Hope o' reward adds wings to theirs.
Fleet as the wind he leaves the crew,
Nor tardier do they purſue,

Through cloſes, alleys, wynds, he flies,
And ev'ry nerve with vigour plies;
As when ſly Reynard is purſu'd
With yelling hounds, and village croud,
His eager hunters to evade,
He ſcours through thicket, brake and ſhade,
Winds ev'ry creek and woody maze,
And pants through unfrequented ways;
So *G*—— ſcour'd through cloſe and ſtreet,
O'erturning whatſoe'er he met.

Sing, muſe, when *G*—— fled ſo faſt,
Who moſt was injur'd by his haſte.

Firſt, *Mother Huckſter* as ſhe lay,
With all her fruitage in his way,
Swift as he paſs'd he graz'd her ſtand,
O'erturn'd, it rattled down the ſtrand;
Promiſcuous through the cauſway fly
Her fruits of various ſize and dye;
The apple green, and mellow pear,
Ripe bounties of a plenteous year;
Plumbs, oranges, and cherry red,
Hard ſugar-cake, and ginger-bread,
With all the ſpoils of *India*'s world,
In utter deſolation hurl'd.

Next *Thimble* felt his onward force,
By wayward hap thrown in his courſe;
He, blind to's fate and future harm,
Was carrying home, beneath his arm
A ſuit, and reckoning up the ſum
To which his handicraft might come,
With article of buckram, binding,
When *G*——, at a narrow winding,

Encounter'd him, in full career,
Concurrants thundring in his rear;
Plum in the Taylor's breaſt he ſtruck,
And bore him proſtrate on his back;
This way and that his cloaths are caſt,
Here lies the breeches, there the veſt;
Enveloped in mud they lay,
To needy folks a ready prey.

But *Nelly*'s fate the muſe bemoans,
Who too fell murm'ring on the ſtones;
Nell, tho' in rural garments clade,
Well merited a ſofter bed.
Upon her head of flaxen hair
A milken pail ſhe pois'd with care;
Brimfull it ſtood, when to her view
Appear'd our hero, and his crew;
She ſaw approaching danger nigh,
And with her pail aſſay'd to fly:
But ere ſhe could get off the road,
Incumber'd wi' her milky load,
Our *Worthy* 'gainſt her ſhoulder drove,
She reel'd and ſtammer'd wi' the ſhove;
Down came ſhe and the pail together,
Nor was it eaſy to ſay whether
She or her burden ſooneſt met
Their fate on the unfeeling ſtreet:
Both broke at once; from this a ſtream
Of blood came forth, from that of cream.

Meantime he 'gins to loſe his wind,
Concurrants gaining ground behind,
One of them, fleeter than the reſt,

Thrice did he catch him by the tail,
Thrice did his faithleſs fingers fail;
Deſponding now he bends his flight
Toward a turnpike of dire height;
Up ſtep by ſtep he climbs with pain,
And pants and ſweats at ev'ry vein;
The ſummit gain'd, he op's a door,
Th' inhabitants unknown before,
And ruſhing to its inmoſt room,
Where vile concurrents durſt not come,
He found, amidſt a waſte of bones,
Pill poring upon ſkeletons;
To him with bows apologizing
For ent'ring without advertiſing;
What ſtrange neceſſity and urging
Hath brought you here? exclaims the Surgeon.
Cries *G*——, Sir, it is for debt
I am thus hardily beſet,
Chac'd by a cutter o' calf-leather,
To ſhun his purſuit I came hither,
Your dwelling, without knowing, enter'd,
And too far on your goodneſs ventur'd.

Pill heard him with affected heart,
And in his ſufferings took part;
He learn'd the ſum for which he fled,
And gen'rouſly the money paid,
Which *G*—— promiſ'd to return,
With gratitude, upon the morn;
But never more came near the place,
Nor ſaw his benefactor's face.

CANTO IV.

The ARGUMENT.

The laſt diviſion o' our ſtrains,
His marriage and amours contains;
With ſome digreſſions to prolong
Our lays, and lengthen out our ſong.

BUT now our mighty man o' *D——ſe*,
Reſolves to raiſe himſelf at once;
And by a matrimonial ſcheme
T' inhance his fortune, and his fame:
So, having ſingled as his prize,
And victim to his avarice,
A ſimple nymph, with dowry rare,
Who grew beneath her mother's care;
To whom he acted once as doer,
He rigging out, prepar'd to woo her.
But firſt, he ev'ry book explor'd,
Where lovers tales are on record;
And cull'd from novels and romances,
Whatever tickles womens fancies;
With ſcraps o' ſpeeches out o' plays,
That ſet the youthful heart on blaze.

Now, having furniſh'd out his brain,
He wiſely judg'd delays were vain;
Therefore ſet forward on his errand,
Effrontry ſerving for a warrand;

And on ſome trite pretence, or other,
Procuring acceſs to the mother:
Undauntedly, and without fault'ring,
He brotch'd his buſineſs to the matron;
In geſture, dialect, and ſpeech,
So far above the muſes reach,
We'll here ſkip o'er it, and inſert
The anſwer on the mother's part.

Says ſhe, it were to do you wrong,
To ſay your paſſion is not ſtrong:
But then, 'tis not exceſſive love
In this caſe will your merit prove;
You muſt produce a better claim
Than *Cupid*'s darts, or burning flame;
Theſe muſt be thrown out o' the queſtion,
As bad materials to ſubſiſt on.
It is not paſſion, but poſſeſſion,
Will move me to a full conceſſion,
And yielding o' my daughter over,
With all her fortune, to a lover.

Says he, It was not, I'll aſſure you,
The rumour of your daughter's dowry
That did me to this houſe entice,
But the refulgence of her eyes,
That has me wounded and ſhot thorough,
As mortally as gun or arrow.
I have to bruik it, grant me health,
Enough of heritage and wealth;
And howſoever deeply ſmitten,
Will riſk my courtſhip on that footing:

For, not to mention what at death
My Sire did, by his will, bequeath,
I from an ancient merchandizer,
But lately, did obtain large treasure;
And won from Q——*h*, by fair behaviour,
His total fortune in my favour.
He, sailing to *Virginia*'s coast,
In swelling seas was long since lost,
Deep buried in the raging main,
He never can return again:
The deed he granted to revoke,
Which some say, I unfairly took;
And moreover, you know yourself,
That but the assistance o' such pelf,
My buf'ness makes me a fit lover,
For any lady whatsoever.

Well, quoth the matron, if I may
Place confidence in what you say;
I mean, if you're not us'd to hatch,
It may, I doubt not, be a match;
But, with deference and respect,
Allow me, Sir, to contradict
The affirmation you now made
In commendation o' your trade,
Which you would fail in, if I should
This instant urge you to make good;
Ye *Gentiles* who subsist by scrawling,
In your community and calling,
Have those of fame, and funds as low,
As even extremest thought can go;

Some, who by conſtant toil and drudging,
Scarce earn ſubſiſtence, and a lodging;
And who, t' avoid the plaints of ſpouſe,
Frequent the meadow or alehouſe,
In melancholy, or glad fit,
Juſt as their pockets do permit.

Madam, ſays he, I grant indeed,
We want not reptiles in our trade;
But maugre theſe degenerate brood,
I ſtill maintain the buſineſs good;
More are advanc'd in our profeſſion,
Than any other occupation;
How many in it do we ſee,
Of grov'ling birth, and mean degree,
Pimps, half-ſchool'd lacqueys, and ſo forth,
Poſſeſſing places of much worth;
Such men of lowly *quondam* fame,
'Twere eaſy for me now to name;
Men, who have riſen by their merit,
And now do meikle wealth inherit.
There came, from northern climes, a boy,
In ſuit of buſineſs and employ;
Whoſe earlieſt labour, as ſome fable,
Was planting trenchers on a table;
Devoid of friends, he lean'd to chance,
She kindly gave him countenance,
And plac'd him 'mongſt theſe ſcribling worthies
That harbour in *M*——— *O*———:
From thence he, by a lucky jerk,
Was mov'd to be a Writer's clerk;

And by his skill and constant caution,
Obtain'd such favour and promotion,
That now he vies, in means and store,
With those he gladly serv'd before.

Stop, quoth the Matron, I discover
The man you here mean to gloss over;
It is an error that he rose
By worth intrinsic, as fame goes;
His marriage with the Scriv'ner's daughter,
First rais'd his head above the water;
'Twas by the dint of this alliance
He gain'd his credit, and his clients:
His junction wi' his crooked bride
First rous'd his arrogance and pride,
Made him important in his gait,
And all his qualities o'er-rate;
Forget his country, and origin,
And play at foot-ball with religion,
Usurp'd the highest seats and places,
And ride on high-bred horse to races;
Buy lodgings, and a country house,
For recreation to his spouse;
Stile servant women, strumpets, whores,
And ruthless turn them out o' doors.
In fine, whatever alteration,
Is in his manners, words, or fashion,
His circumstances, or his carriage,
Arose from nothing but his marriage.

To this harangue our man o' *D—st*,
Was just about to make response,

When, ſlowly walking from her chamber,
He ſpy'd the object of his amour;
So, leaſt the nymph might be diſguſted,
He ev'ry part of him adjuſted.
And put himſelf in proper poſture
To pay his honours, and accoſt her:
Then lowly bending down before her,
Cries, View, my faireſt, your adorer,
On whom your frowns and angry glances,
Will deeper wounds inflict than lances!
O dart!——He would have launch'd out further
In phraſe of lovers, but the mother
Reminding him that ſuch vile jargon,
Would little aid him in his bargain;
He aukwardly got up, and thereon,
The diſcourſe turning from his fair-one,
Says to the old offended dame,
Theſe bold eruptions of a flame,
That in my boſom burns and ſcorches,
With greater blaze than links and torches,
Forgive,——and without more conteſting
About our worth, let's ſtate the queſtion
To miſs herſelf, on whoſe deciſion
My happineſs hangs, or perdition.

Nay, quoth the Matron, to refer
Ought i' the matter unto her,
Were a renouncing of the pow'r I
Have o'er my daughter, and her dowry;
She muſt receive, without reflection,
The perſon I ſhall pleaſe to pitch on;
And you, I'm ſatisfied, will anſwer
As well as any other man, Sir;

Providing that you can avouch
The meaſure of your means is ſuch,
As you attempted to make out,
When you but juſt new mov'd your ſuit.

Cries *G*—— for your ſatisfaction,
Before we do conclude the paction,
I'll bring the writings that relate
To my poſſeſſions and eſtate,
They ly at preſent with a friend,
For whom, if you incline, we'll ſend,
Perhaps you know him, Mr. *Pouncewell*,
A gentleman, upon whoſe counſel
You might rely in any criſis,
His wit ſo ſubtile, and ſo nice is.

To this the lady having 'greed,
A ſervant was diſpatch'd with ſpeed
For fetching o'er this paltry ſcribe.
Whom *G*—— had ſecur'd by bribe,
And tutor'd properly before
He went upon the foreſaid ſcore:
He ſoon arriv'd, and with grave face
Pull'd out huge ſheets of writs, apace,
With proteſtation that they were
Rights to large ſubjects good and clear,
In favour of our ſly deſigner,
As e'er he had touch'd wi' a finger;
Altho' they no relation had
To ought that did pertain our blade,
But were the writings of ſome lands
Pouncewell had got into his hands,

A neceſſary plea to raiſe on,
And borrowed upon this occaſion;
Theſe, being requeſted by the lover,
He to the matron did read over,
And chang'd the titles wi' ſuch art,
That madam could not for her heart,
Chuſe to let ſlip ſo good a bargain;
And therefore without farther arguing,
Made a concluſion o' the matter,
By proſtituting of her daughter,
With all her portion, gifts, and graces,
To our adventurer's embraces;
And for imaginary pelf,
Drew on her offspring and herſelf
Diſaſters dire, and too well known,
For us to hold forth longer on.

FINIS.

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